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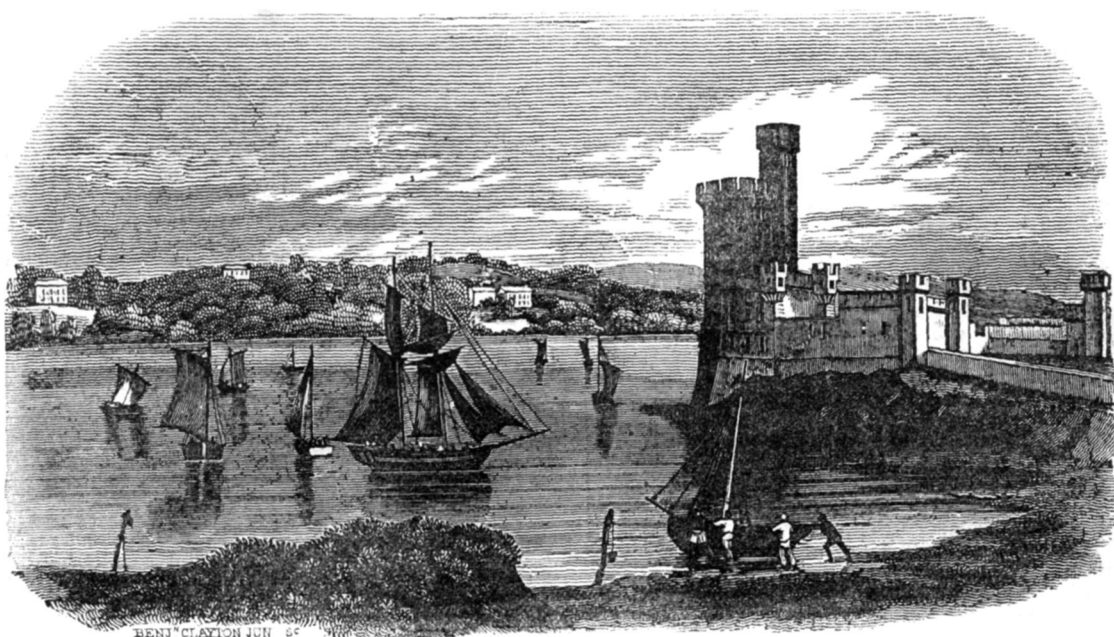
# THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL,

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J. S. FOLDS, 5, BACHELOR'S WALK.

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*Black-Rock Castle, near Cork.*

## BLACK-ROCK CASTLE.

THE Castle of the Black-Rock was first built by the Lord Mountjoy, in the beginning of King James First's reign, when the fort of Hallboulting was erected for the defence of the harbour. In the year 1722, the city expended the sum of £296 upon this tower, and made a very handsome octagon room in it, from whence is a delightful prospect of the harbour from Passage to Cork. In it the mayors of Cork hold an admiralty court, being by several charters appointed admirals of the harbour, which in the year 1627 was contested with them, by one Edward Champion for the Lord Barry. On the 1st of August, it is usual for the mayor and corporation to have a public entertainment here at the charge of the city.

Nor ought we to forget a neat garden and improvement of Mr. Daniel Voster, with fountains, statues, and canals, and a pretty house, seated on a hill half a mile from the city, (on the north side, opposite Black-Rock,) having a prospect of Cork, the harbour and adjacent country. Mr. Voster settled several years ago in Cork, being by birth a Dutchman; many of the merchants of the city have been educated by him in writing, arithmetic, and the most regular method of book-keeping, and several of them, formerly scholars to Mr. Voster, were so sensible of his worth, that they gave him an annual public entertainment in the council-chamber of the city: a laudable practice, and anciently followed by the old Greeks and Romans to their greatest masters.

On the north side of the river the banks are high, and in some places inaccessible, composed of a mellow clay, over a slaty rock of various colours, some red, others of a deep purple and sky colour, used for building.

## SWIMMING.

"This is the purest exercise of health,  
The kind refresher of the Summer heats;  
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd  
By the bold swimmer in the swift elapse  
Of accidents disastrous.—THOMSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR—When I was a boy, I was enthusiastic on the subject of the necessity of being able to swim; and a remember

forming a little club of boys of similar feelings, or who aimed at perfection in this most useful and delightful art, if an art it can be fairly called, for my conviction is, that all can swim if they please and all that is necessary is a little courage and some practice. It is a subject that challenges attention from the number of accidents which occur and the many valuable lives that are lost, in consequence of the incapability to swim, which is too general. The idea of the necessity of being able to swim has never left me—

"For I have loved thee ocean! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be."

And it was with great pleasure I lately learned that swimming societies are now common on the Continent, and that at Paris there are commodious parts of the Seine railed in, where regular professors attend to give instruction and encouraging example, at a trifling expense. It is surprising that this noble art, or effort, is in Ireland, either entirely neglected or acquired only by chance—it is to be regretted, and it is with the hope of arousing the attention of abler hands that could induce me with much humility to "go out of my depth," as a satirist might say on the subject, and to send my "unbought" ideas to your excellent and instructive "Penny Journal."

Swimming is so salutary and delightful an exercise, so conducive to health and cleanliness (more especially at this awful period) that it is astonishing it should meet so little regard, for, according to the poet,

"From the body's purity, the mind  
Receives a secret sympathetic aid."

Few cities in Europe are so delightfully situated as Dublin—romantically beautiful on every side, (as you have before said,) and so contiguous to the sea—it offers local accommodations and advantages for the practice of this most desirable art and recreation—the present season too is invitingly charming. It might be instructive, at least amusing to your juvenile readers, to give some account of swimming generally. It is, perhaps, coeval with the creation, and practised in all nations, but certainly in greater perfection in barbarous, than in more civilized society—people in a savage state acquire it from imitating the brute creation, and their native boldness and intrepidity secures their success; for nothing retards the

progress of the learner so much as fear; the dread of drowning, and the terror which naturally accompanies him in a strange and dangerous element: yet these fears which it should be a pleasurable duty to remove, are too often kept alive and augmented by the cruel or unthinking adept, with whom it is sport to alarm the tyro, to plunge him into horrors indescribable, and thus to make him for ever resign with disgust the laudable hope he had entertained of being able to master the billows—

"To beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs."

Such conduct to young adventurers is unmanly—let us hope it may be discontinued, that those who swim well, will no longer with churlish indifference neglect, or by brutal conduct repress, the ardour with which boys generally attempt to swim, but rather sooth them with hope, inspire them with confidence, and encourage them by example.

I submit these hints with the utmost humility to all, but especially to fathers, and those who have the care of youth: some perhaps may be induced to second my views, and favour society with further and more interesting observations on the subject. Swimming is surely as necessary an accomplishment as dancing. Is he the most worthy of our admiration and applause, the boy "who highest lifts his heels," or the dauntless spirit, who, with cheerful confidence, leaps into the fathomless deep, and rescues from death his drowning brother!

I conclude with an earnest hope that something may speedily be done towards establishing a society for the attainment of the art of swimming. Things small in the beginning often end in consequences of incalculable service to the community—there is nothing wanted but the prompt and spirited exertions of a few individuals to establish such a society at once, and the benevolence of the country would support and cherish it, their reward being "the luxury of doing good."

It was my intention to subjoin a few rules for the acquirement of the art, but this has already been so amply and well done by the great and humane Dr. Franklin, that it is only necessary to refer to his essays on the subject, or perhaps in a future number you might favour your readers with them.

I have trespassed at greater length than I intended.—Should you give this paper publicity, you shall hear again from your well-wisher, and very humble servant,

W. K.

#### CEAD MILLE FAILTE.

It is perhaps not generally known from whence the famous expression of Irish hospitality, *Cead Mille Failte*, was taken. It occurs in the concluding stanza of *Eileen a Roon*, and is thus translated by Furlong:—

A hundred thousand welcomes,  
Eileen a Roon!  
A hundred thousand welcomes,  
Eileen a Roon!  
Oh! welcome ever more,  
With welcomes yet in store,  
Till love and life are o'er,  
Eileen a Roon!

There are two songs entitled *Eileen a Roon*, Ellen, the secret treasure of my heart. The old version, from which the above stanza is taken, bears internal evidence of antiquity. The first line of the second stanza of it, "I would spend a cow to entertain thee," proves that it was composed before coined money was in general use. The following is esteemed the most probable account of the circumstances which gave rise to it.

"Carol O'Daly, commonly called *Mac Caomh insi Cneamha*, brother to Donogh More O'Daly, a man of much consequence in Connaught, was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and particularly excelled in poetry and music. He paid his addresses to Ellen, the daughter of a chieftain named Kavanagh, a lovely and amiable young lady, who returned his affection, but her friends disapproved of the connexion. O'Daly was obliged to leave the country for some time, and they availed themselves of the opportunity which his absence afforded, of impressing on the mind of Ellen, a belief of his falsehood, and of his having gone to be married to another; after some time they prevailed on her to consent to marry a rival of O'Daly. The day was fixed for the nuptials, but O'Daly returned the evening before. Under the first impression of his feelings, he sought a wild and sequestered spot on

the sea shore, and inspired by love, composed the song of *Eileen a Roon*, which remains to this time, an exquisite memorial of his skill and sensibility. Disguised as a harper, he gained access among the crowd that thronged to the wedding. It happened that he was called upon by Ellen herself to play. It was then, touching his harp with all the pathetic sensibility which the interesting occasion inspired, he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his 'softened strain,' the very soul of pensive melody.

In the first stanza he intimates, according to the Irish idiom, that, he would walk with her, that is, that he would be her partner, or only love for life. In the second, that he would entertain her, and afford her every delight. After this, he tenderly asks, will she depart with him, or, in the impressive manner of the original, 'Wilt thou stay, or wilt thou come with me, *Eileen a Roon*.' She soon felt the force of this tender appeal, and replied in the affirmative; on which, in an ecstasy of delight, he bursts forth into his 'hundred thousand welcomes.' To reward his fidelity and affection, his fair one contrived to 'go with him,' that very night."

The other version was composed by a Munster bard of the seventeenth century, who endeavoured to excel, by a profusion of poetic embellishment, the original and sweetly simple song of *Eileen a Roon*. The following is a specimen of the translation of it, by John D'Alton, Esq.

Blind to all else but thee,  
Eileen a Roon!  
My eyes only ache to see,  
Eileen a Roon!  
My ears banquet on thy praise,  
Pride and pleasure of my days!  
Source of all my happiness!  
Eileen a Roon!

Handel is said to have declared that he would rather be the author of *Eileen a Roon*, than of the most exquisite of his musical compositions. Yet it has been palmed upon the public under the name of *Robin Adair*, as a Scotch melody. Burns asserted that it and *Molly Astore*, which he termed *Gramachree*, were both Scotch: he was in error: but the circumstance is a proof of their merit, and his taste. Robin Adair himself was an Irishman; he was ancestor of Viscount Molesworth; lived at Hollypark, in the county of Wicklow: and, early in the last century, was a member of the Irish parliament.

#### THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Though lofty Scotia's mountains,  
Where savage grandeur reigns;  
Though bright be England's fountains,  
And fertile be her plains:  
When 'mid their charms I wander,  
Of thee I think the while,  
And seem of thee the fonder,  
My own green isle!

While many who have left thee,  
Seem to forget thy name,  
Distance hath not bereft me  
Of its endearing claim:  
Afar from thee sojourning,  
Whether I sigh or smile,  
I call thee still, "Ma vourneen"—  
My own green isle!

Fair as the glittering waters  
Thy emerald banks that lave,  
To me thy graceful daughters,  
Thy generous sons as brave.  
Oh! there are hearts within thee  
Which know not shame or guile,  
And such proud homage win thee—  
My own green isle!

For their dear sakes I love thee,  
Ma vourneen, though unseen;  
Bright be the sky above thee,  
Thy shamrock evergreen;  
May evil ne'er distress thee,  
Nor darken nor defile,  
But heaven for ever bless thee—  
My own green isle!